

## Demands of a god

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## Demands of a god

by [MuddTone](#)

### Summary

Loki was tired of being the second choice in everything. When Odin sent him to Midgard to be 'punished' after provoking his older brother to fight Jotunheim Loki made the executive decision to make this his second chance, ha, at having what he wanted first.

## Prologue

### Chapter Summary

The stage is set for a new King to arise but the second Prince has other plans.

The land of Asgard was bustling with preparations for the crowning of their new king. Thor was to take after Odin being the first son and first choice. Loki was of course bitter about it. He didn't see how the young god was fit for such a title when he could barely lead a secret hunt without needing Loki's seiðr to hide his faults. Why wasn't Loki even considered a choice? It wouldn't be long for him to reach the right age for the throne and with his wits why not consider him now? He paced around in his room debating on how he could sabotage the ceremony before the All-father handed off Gungnir. This was a mistake to put such a responsibility on the oaf he'd all lead them to Helheim. He settled on his bed staring at his hand as it smoked too cold to produce a normal temperature. Loki had a sickening thought that the reason he wasn't considered was that he was different from everyone. He looked nothing like his royal family, he ran colder than the others, he brought more annoyance than laughter with his tricks and pranks, and because he used seiðr rather than battle with brute strength. His hand shimmered blue and the boy let out a yelp as he fell. Something was wrong with him, he had to hide it quickly he willed himself to be calm seeing the smoke disappear into the skin as the skin itself turned back to normal. He hated this, he hated what he was, but more than anything he hated feeling as though he belonged in Jotunheim. The Jotunn were monstrous creatures and showed no mercy to anyone using their ill powers to strip honourable warriors in battle with the flick of their wrist. They so happened to be one of the last battles the All-Father had taken a big hit only to come out victorious. These were stories told to infants to warn of the cruel beings and to remember that Asgard set the Nine Realms free of what could have been. Loki had never been so proud to be part of this realm but with all his doubts and scares, it was becoming clear that something was wrong and that Jotunheim- Jotunheim. Of course!

Loki braced himself this trick would make or break his chances, he needed to be believable or else he'd mess everything up. Thor may have been an oaf but he did pay attention whenever it concerned ruining something for himself. He would be wary of Loki causing trouble today but the boy for the most part had been reserved all week and even made sure to appear a little enthused where needed. Of course with all the plotting there was no room to cause mischief even minor pranks such as switching up the colours to the flowers in the garden or having Thor start a food fight at lunch, something that Odin hated but his mother loved even if she chided him that it wasn't princely. Loki ran to Thor's chambers willing tears to appear and hand to turn blue though made sure to conceal from the eyes of Heimdall no need to bring attention to him this was all about Thor after all, "B-brother!"

"Loki?"

Thor was out on the balcony when he entered the oaf's smile soon replaced with an apprehensive expression that if it had been any other time Loki may have been annoyed but this wasn't the time for those emotions he had him where he wanted an idiot he was to believe such things.

"Brother-" Loki paused hiding his hand behind him, lip wobble appearing to look around frightened, "I.." he made himself look small something he knew tricked Thor every time into believing him.

“Who have you caused trouble with now?”

“No one-!”

Curse his defensiveness. Thor wasn’t going to believe him now if Loki was acting prickly he’d need to reel back into the act. Pinching himself with the icy cold hand more tears started to roll down his cheeks, Thor now seeing Loki cry dropped the jabbed tease and slowly walked closer. Loki took this in stride backing away to the door with a gulp lowering his head as if he were to be struck. Thor stopped walking.

“Loki I will not harm you- what is going on? What do you have behind your back-” his voice hardened, “If this is a trick just to stab me I don’t have time-” “Thor I’m scared!”

The room fell silent. Loki was alarmed by how believable he sounded but concealed it, god of mischief was also apparently the god of theatre. Nonetheless, he powered through letting the cold smoke seep out of the blue hand that was sure showing behind his back if the noise Thor made was anything to go by. Once more he looked up with a frightened expression mustering up all acting skills, “Thor, t-the monsters they...,” came out a strained whisper.

Thor by now stepped forward surprising Loki with how he yanked the blue hand from behind his back. Now Loki had seen Thor angry before whether it was directed at an enemy, someone who insulted his position or even on the rare occasion his friends when they themselves took a prank too far but it was never directed at him and the boy wasn’t sure if this would even classify as anger. His brother had an expression Loki had never seen before which actually started to make him cry to the point he was brought back into focus by his own sobs begging him to not hurt him. Immediately after he was released the boy ran to hide behind one of Thor’s many hunt trophies peering over to see if he was followed or if Thor lost interest in the trick. Instead, he was met with the sounds of thunder and the breeze of Mjolnir flying past his skull later if asked the boy would deny that he let out an embarrassing shriek. Thor when poked enough and in the wrong places was a terrifying sight, this was one of those times and he prayed to the Norns that his brother was not going to pulverize him right before his crowning.

“Brother I will avenge you,” his brother’s voice broke through his prayers, “If mother comes looking for me tell her I had to what should’ve been done ages ago,” with that the god of thunder strode past and flew off the balcony.

Loki sat there until Thor disappeared from his vision no longer a dot on his radar. He cursed himself his trick may have gone how he wanted but Thor was going in on alone to Jotunheim with no backup. Picking himself up off the floor the boy rushed through the corridors making his way past servants and guards, he was going to warn a guard to tell his parents but first, he had to make sure Thor didn’t enter the cold realm alone. Bursting through the doors into the training grounds all eyes were on the boy seeing his panicked face they looked away chastising him for pulling another prank. He growled and cursed them all earning a few dirty looks, they did not matter right now but he did need the warriors three. Spotting them with Lady Sif in the main centre of the grounds he ran towards them tripping and landing in the midst of their session.

“Loki!” “Stop it this foolishness at once Prince!”

“How dare you-” “Shush. Loki why are you interrupting us? You know it is dangerous to jump into a fight with only your seiðr.”

“Thor’s going to Jotunheim alone!”

The unamused expressions he earned only made him frustrated, they were his brother’s friends for

crying out loud how would they not know about Thor's obsessive hatred towards the realm. A childish thought entered his mind whispering how of course he'd know that about Thor they were more friends than the four in front of him. Shaking his head he got up giving a harsh glare as he got up into their faces using a little seiðr to provoke fright.

"If you were really his friends you'd go after him," ignoring his own fear he was ready to start going to his parents himself not wanting to rely on a guard even if he was prince it was becoming clear what they thought of him.

"And if you really do use seiðr you should show your true—" Loki halted in his steps feeling a pang of hurt. The boy wasn't focused enough to know who was about to say those distasteful words but their ill intent did make their mark.

"What were you going to say?" the temperature in his body dropped the pale skin taking on a cooler tone but did not seep out smoke.

"Excuse of those ill words Prince Loki, I know seiðr isn't the best of fighting methods but I think we all can agree—"

The attack was pointless but at that point, he did not care, how were these three gifted such a high rank only to be such disappointments in person. The fakest friends Loki had ever come to meet. Lady Sif at some point in his attack disappeared from his vision, she wasn't a priority but hopefully, with some common sense she was going to give Thor help or at the very least tell his parents of his brother's latest mission. Hopefully the former so he could be the one to cover his tracks with his parents. Feeling his mother's seiðr wrap around him he stopped throwing punches and peered over with tears and snot all over his face. The look on her face made Loki crumbled away from his frustrations and tricks. He would come clean with his mother but that didn't mean he'd like it, she'd be disappointed in him and hopefully Thor as well. After all to start a battle alone before crowning was something that should be frowned upon.

It was not frowned upon and instead, Loki yet again was left to be chastised. His jaw practically was on the floor as he witnessed the crowning ceremony where Thor was handed Gungnir waving at everyone. Beside him, he felt his mother's burning eyes which if the boy was honest couldn't tell what she was thinking at the moment. When the boy spewed out everything she set a hard look at him especially when he left out the part of his cold blue abilities and fibbed about using seiðr to trick Thor. When his brother was collected before starting any fights with the Jotunn he was treated with respect for defending family which happened to be the first time Odin even remotely called him family however it wasn't son. Never son wasn't son, maybe they weren't family and Loki could give in to those nasty thoughts of belonging to Jotunheim. The All-Father's last act as the king punished, Norns forbid anyone calls it what it really was- banishment, Loki to the Midgard realm to be taught a lesson by an ancient friend. Thor took Odin's last action in stride agreeing like he wasn't going to be King in just a few moments and reject the act. Except Thor never lifted the banishment and instead nodded to Loki as he passed him by. So that's what his brother really thought of him. They weren't friends, not in the way Loki saw them as, a miscalculation on his part. The boy didn't look his mother in the eye as she walked him to Heimdall and the Bifrost. He didn't respond when she wished him well but he did look at Asgard as the bright lights and colours filled his vision making the realm look smaller and smaller as he fell. He was always going to be a second thought in everything.

# Prince

## Chapter Summary

Loki scopes the scene.

Arriving in Midgard was practically Hel for the prince as when he set foot into the ‘Ancient One’s Sanctum’ he was met with a man who held the same look he received from his mother whenever he took a joke too far. It was quite unsettling given that the man didn’t even know him yet he screamed ‘Parental Authority so behave’. Loki decided he liked the man and that he was going to push all his buttons whilst living on this backwater planet. Looking around the place he half-listened to what was being told of course there were going to be rules, set times for meals, and what he could and could not do outside of the sanctum. The boy snorted at the last one because there was no reason for him to start using seiðr irresponsibly not when the mortals of this realm would quake in fear and as funny as that may be he did not want to find out how long he could use it to get away from said fears. One thing he knew about mortals was that their short life span made them irrational to the point a war happened every few years so having to dodge whatever methods of battle they threw at him would become tiresome after a while. Plus they were amusing to watch when he tricked them with his silver tongue and nothing else. The boy was shown his quarters surprised to see how cosy a smaller room compared to his on Asgard could be. Instead of gold being vomited all over he was met with dark woods, warm accents, and furnishing that could only describe Loki. The bookshelves and desk area definitely made it seem that way. What caught his eye as well was that the comforter on the bed was a royal green and the pillows were gold a nice touch if he said so himself. The smile plastered on his face turned into a scowl when he felt the presence of others trying to peek in some of their words sounding invasive.

“Who are you people?” he summoned his daggers which instantly disappeared from his hands.

Fright seeped in the cold chill of his body temperature overtaking the room, feeling himself breath heavy he willed himself to at least contain the blue of his skin, “Give them back,” he whispered.

“Alright, that’s enough. Everyone either goes back to the training grounds with Master Minoru or go bother Wong.” the man, the ancient one, spoke turning his attention to Loki, “Loki try that again and I will have you falling as a time out. I will be confiscating these daggers as well I was told you have more than-” “Give it back!”

Loki cried launching himself at the man and again this was another pointless attack but the boy needed those daggers back they weren’t like all his other ones gifted from achievements by his teachers no they were crafted specifically for him one thing that Odin and his mother said to handle with pride and care to never let anyone get their hands on it least he want his life cut short. He polished them after each use, practised within the gardens every day, filled it to the nine with seiðr to make its mark, stab Thor in their childish adventures, hel he had a special casing for them beside his bed that he tucked them into every night so for this sorcerer to just take without care was immediately a bad mortal in his books. Sounds of sizzle and hisses came from behind him and he was pushed, once more falling as he gazed up at the portal opening that swallowed him watching the man get smaller and smaller. He hated Midgard and its people.

Feeling practically stark naked on the day he was born Loki was back in his room after thirty

minutes of falling. The sorcerer had not been there when he returned and there were no signs of his dagger anywhere he couldn't even trace them back using his seiðr it was as if they never existed. In tears, the boy buried his face into the pillows that lay on his bed it was soft and comforting but given that they were probably from that man he immediately hated it pushing away in grotesque. Ignoring the presence coming towards the room the boy scanned the area stepping towards the desk curiously and picked up the journal and quill that sat on it examining the details of the leather. This was new not here when they came to the room. He felt a presence behind him ready to tell them to leave when he noticed it was not the man but a different one, bald and a little shorter than the ancient one.

“Did the ancient one send you?”

The man tilted his head, “Doctor Strange is not the ancient one.”

Well, this was awkward.

“Oh.”

The silence that stretched after that was awkward on the boy's end but the feeling that it was amusing to the other just pissed him off slightly but he couldn't bring himself to show it. He felt like this man would put him in his place even when something wasn't his fault, a no-nonsense kind of man, “Who are you then?”

Why not ask at least, he had decent manners and if his mom had Heimdall watching she'd surely come down to smack him if he didn't get a name.

“Wong.”

The boy nodded expecting him to elaborate on why he was here. Again the silence stretched but this time it wasn't awkward just downright annoying, “Alright and you are here because-”

“You will be attending school while you're here, I thought you should know in case Doctor Strange forgot to tell you before dumping you in your room.”

“Is seiðr the same as your magic?”

“Mystic Arts and no, not that kind of schooling but you will be learning with us on the weekends.”

What.

“What- do you mean I'm going to mortal schooling?”

“Yes if that's what you want to call it. You'll be portaled to New York every day, right now we're in the Kamar-Taj in Tibet. We would've sent you somewhere nearby but with how weird things in New York get you'll fit in.”

“You dare mock me-” “Wong observes and tells the truth so if he thinks you're weird then you're weird just how he thinks I'm..certain things well I can't be annoyed at him for being right.”

Wong snorted leaving the room for Doctor Strange and Loki to be left alone.

“There will be a bag for your schooling at the sanctum pick it up before you head out, another sorcerer will take you.”

“And you won't? Am I not your responsibility?”

“Technically you would’ve been my Master’s responsibility but seeing as she...has passed that falls onto me but I have more important business to attend to so maybe another day but for now you will be taken by someone else. Now if that’s all I have to go back to teaching my students.”

Loki bit back a scream again he was being placed second even in a backwater planet why was he even here still if he was always forgotten the boy could slip away and the only reason for concern would be if the possibility of him causing mischief. Other than that no one actually cared for him. Screw that he was going to start changing things as soon as he got to this place of schooling. No one would put him second ever again.

Picking up the journal and quill the items were taken and placed into the satchel he was gifted for schooling purposes. There were other things inside the bag that he hadn’t bothered to look over, it would be looked at eventually but in the current situation, he was paranoid as he looked every which way as he exited the portal that placed him near the school. The sorcerer that walked him hadn’t bothered to make conversation and neither did he the less talking the better so he could focus if anyone tried to bring him harm. Being left defenceless made him feel slightly feral but nothing could be done until he figured out where his daggers were hidden, having other daggers in pocket dimensions didn’t help calm his nerves but it did at least give him something to hold if he stuck his hand in one of those pockets- who was he joking the entire situation was mad. First impressions were everything so he needed to look somewhat presentable before entering the building. They were coming closer to their destination and if he couldn’t control his mental state then he would control his glamour. Glancing over at the sorcerer he blinked green eyes turning into blue, a slight change that wouldn’t bring attention to alert of seiðr use but one that could bring attention on him towards the other students. After a bit of research last night it turned out mortals weren’t different from gods, people tended to trust blonde hair and blue eyes while Loki may not be his brother he could fake it to a degree. So long as he remembered to change his eyes before he got back to the Kamar-Tag. The sorcerer stopped in their tracks nodding at Loki as they started to walk away, the boy looked up at the building in front and released a heavy sigh. At least mortal days were short.

Entering the building he was assaulted with loud chatter from every direction being pushed by those trying to meet with friends or get to class early, he kept his mouth shut when someone stepped on his foot not wanting to cause a scene and ruin his invisibility. Right now the search was on to see who was at the top of the hierarchy to make friends with because being at the top meant you were first. Slicking back his gelled hair he noticed her walk in, she stood at 5’9” dressed in a cashmere sweater and jean skirt. Listening in after sensing the atmosphere changed he found out her name was Liz Allan a one-way ticket to the top of the chain. Applying some lip balm he waltzed over to her letting all his glory shine over the room, not one to be second he was going to rule this school. The attention on her was immediately switched to Loki which grabbed the attention of Liz. She gave him a warm smile when he walked up to her.

“Hello. I do believe you are the one everyone calls Liz?” he rose his brow laying on the charms thick.

She giggled tilting her head and gave him a once over to get a read on him, “Yes I am but I don’t believe I know you yet. Are you new?”

“Yes. You can call me Loki- yes that’s my real name.”

“Oh! Like the Norse god, nice! I’m guessing your parents are a big fan of Loki?”

Loki snorted shaking his head, “They actually hated that they named me after him, they do like my brother though.”

“O-oh?”

“Take a guess, his name rhymes with Bor.”

“Thor! Oh yeah- yikes I’m so sorry. Um,” she looked at her friends who were all curiously looking at the boy, “Want to hang out with us? Maybe we can help you find your classes.”

“That would be wonderful, many thanks.”

“Of course Loki.”

Across the hall, the boy feels a presence watching him walk away with the girl and co. Feeling the jealousy radiate off this person Loki turns and sees him an emotion blooms inside it’s sickening but not in a bad way. For once Loki can say he feels warmth when staring into the person’s brown doe-eyes. Needless to say, Loki is curious about this person and immediately claims them as a friend whether they are at the top or not. Now to find out who this person is and when they can hang out.

# Friend

## Chapter Summary

Peter Parker will be his friend whether he wants to be or not. Now if only Loki can get him to sit down for one second.

## Chapter Notes

I lost the original draft for this and well-

The hierarchy placement system was quite strange but not that different from Asgard, they didn't necessarily speak of royal roles but more so about who had the most skills whilst being competent about it. Given that Loki once lived in an advanced realm did help when it came to keeping his position at the top the only thing he had to be careful of was his tongue. Other than that everyone thought Loki was the new friend next to Liz that was all that and wanted to be closer to him because of it. It was amusing what he could get away with when he hinted at something, for example, if he stared at his empty juice pouch long enough and turned to talk to the group he sat with the next time he'd look back there would be a new one on his tray. For some reason, it bothered Liz but not in the way he thought; apparently, her view was seeing them take advantage of him and not the other way around. No matter Loki was going to see where this went and quite liked being attended to for once without his past to taint that. Unfortunately, the system also didn't allow him to be anywhere near the brown-eyed boy named Peter Parker. According to Liz's friends, the boy only pops in when Liz gives him attention or when it's something about an Academic Decathlon meeting. Loki was already planning on ways to use this to his advantage, but he didn't want to use Liz for some odd reason. Maybe it was because of his own experiences or the voice in his head saying he was jealous and showing it wouldn't be pretty. He hushed the voice looking around paranoid, honestly, the voice sounded like his mother and he wouldn't question it if she was watching him. Sighing to himself he looked around before spotting where Liz and her friends went to the group was in the midst of hanging up a banner for an event called Homecoming. According to everyone, it was the biggest event the school was going to have in the past five years and the principal had given the green light to use any song so long as the inappropriate lyrics were kept to a minimum. Loki had found that very amusing and told Doctor Strange of the event not asking for permission but notifying seeing as he wasn't going to cause any harm. The man had stared at him for a good minute before continuing their spar session. Honestly, Loki had no problems with training under the sorcerer however with the lack of his daggers he felt off and was hit quite a few times with the training stick. The prince got his revenge later that day by replacing the tea herbs with another Midgardian plant. Needless to say, Loki finally had the chance to be productive the rest of the night sketching up outfits for the event while the sorcerer laid down in the middle of the hallway completely ignoring the librarian who asked if he was drunk and instead asked for cuddles. Wong had left the man there mentioning that Doctor Strange was getting too comfortable with their 'cult' lifestyle.

"Hey Loki, are you taking anyone to Homecoming?" The voice of Betty Brant tore his absent-minded gaze from a brown-eyed boy who was glaring at him.

He blinked a couple of times noticing she had a curious look shifting between himself, Liz, and Peter. He didn't know what that meant but he knew for sure that he had no one to take. He wondered if he really had to, maybe he could ask Peter to come with and help the boy's popularity.

"I am not sure. I don't have anyone in mind particularly since I'm new," he tilted his head in thought, "Do I have to have someone special or is this an open event?"

With that the group of friends all looked at him in shock even Liz stepped down from the ladder not bothering to fix the crooked placement. The god started to sweat what had he said wrong to cause this reaction.

"This is your first homecoming?"

"This is my first event- uh not to say that I haven't been to one... It's just. Here it seems different. The ones I've been to require going alone and you finding someone there to be with," he waved his hands back and forth while explaining, an obvious tick when he was nervous.

"Oh like one of those- " "That would make everything so much easier! We should suggest that for prom."

"Are you kidding? Imagine the drama on the dance floor!"

Loki smirked at the thought of the chaos it would cause. There was never anything wrong with this system back in Asgard but from seeing how Midgard worked it would indeed be disastrous. He did love a little mischief after all shaking his head he focused back on the conversation.

"So does this mean I need a date?"

"No you can go alone or you can go with us in a group. I haven't been asked out so we're all pretty much going together," Liz spoke as she picked at a loose thread on her skirt.

"I think I'd like that but I'll let you all know if I find someone."

"Yeah, you get someone! I think Abby and Christie were eyeing you earlier-"

"Uh.." as much as he appreciated their approach both girls were both quite overwhelming even for him. Apparently, his face showed more emotion than he'd like because Betty took it in a different light.

"Oh! Or not? I mean we can help find someone else, do you have anyone in particular?" Her eyes seemed to show she was seeing through him. He didn't like it and quite honestly preferred to drop the conversation.

"No no no- I uh? Have to go! I left a few books in my locker for my next class!"

He bolted out of the cafeteria ignoring the hissed conversation Liz was having with them. He was sure they were making fun of him for practically lying, seeing as the next class was Gym and he never brought his books out for any class since he knew the material. He needed to reign it back in if he wanted to continue his position at the top, it was that or hide into the shadows again and get stepped on in the process, quite frankly he was bored of that. Readyng himself for gym class he decided to change ahead of time, entering the locker rooms quietly he heard another student already there. Glancing over the prince had to do a double-take- it was Peter the boy with the brown coloured eyes. Loki saw this as the perfect opportunity to get to know him. Halting in his steps his jaw dropped at what he saw, apparently, the quiet boy was ripped. Tearing his gaze away he decided to change on the other side of the room, it would probably be inappropriate to start a

conversation anyway- he wasn't Thor and his friends. Those four could be comfortable all they wanted but Loki didn't want to ruin the chance of friendship with someone he truly wanted to know. Clearing his throat he let the boy know of his presence, taking off his shirt and replacing it with the mandatory uniform. If he was honest the prince hated wearing the horrid white shirt, the only time the colour white was worth wearing was when he and his mother were doing their celebratory picnics out in the garden, it was aesthetically pleasing and his mother amused him in that regard- not anymore. Loki slammed the locker gasping when he closed it a little too hard to leave a handprint.

"Norns... why me?"

"Need help fixing that?" The sweetest voice sounded from behind the prince, making him shiver at how warm and polite it sounded. Feeling weak he simply nodded, not even turning around seeing as Peter Parker entered his view to examine the locker door. Loki observed him closely, the boy opening the door to run his hand along with the indented handprint. Peter's hands were slightly smaller and looked perfect to hold in his, what did that mean for Loki he didn't know but he really wanted to hold the boy's hand. In fact, inspecting the secretly ripped boy he was practically shorter than Loki by a few inches.

"You're so short I think I want to punch you."

Peter pushed the handprint back making the door panel decent enough so no one would say anything before turning to Loki with wariness, "Excuse me?"

"Let's become-"

"Peter! You in here?" Someone called out followed by chatters of the hallway, the gym locker room swinging open and closed repeatedly for more students.

Meanwhile, Peter was staring at him before seeming to realise who Loki was and ran over to where the voice called out. And well... How frustrating was that it seemed like the brown-eyed boy was going to be frustratingly hard to become friends with. No matter Loki was up for the challenge because he wasn't going to be put second again in anything. Peering over to examine the locker door he smiled at how the boy did his best, Loki would've used seiðr to finish fixing it but having something to remember of their first interaction made something in the prince bubble up inside.

And so after that Loki had attempted multiple interactions whenever Peter appeared in front of Liz or when the group he hung out with had looked away and he ran straight up to the boy scaring the daylights out of him, not all times were successful but he was trying his hardest. The one morning that he got the boy alone for a few minutes he had all but leaned up against a locker whilst the boy grabbed the books he needed for the day babbling on about how they should hang out sometime. Peter was distracted of course but he did get a hello and that was a win in the prince's books, progress. A thought occurred to him during one of their gym sessions when Coach Wilson had told Peter he would see him in detention, Loki was accumulating his own detentions just never going maybe he'd finally start going if Peter would finally have time to chat with him. Despite making progress there were times where the boy would suddenly bolt outside wherever he was at the time and not return for the rest of the day. According to a student named Flash Peter was going to his internship, Loki could practically see the jealousy ooze off of him as he spoke about the boy. Loki was starting to understand the voice in his head about jealousy never being pretty.

"Well, what about the Spider-man?" Seymour's voice brought him out of his detention planning.

"He saved me once when I was at the DC monument. I thought I was going to die but he totally came and saved the day... it was- " "Oh my god, she's crushing on Spider-man again!"

Loki huffed at the gossip Spider-man was an interesting character but they never stuck long into talking about him and more about Liz's infatuation. Letting his eyes scope the gym floor Loki glared at Flash who was bothering Peter. Maybe that would be a topic he would talk about to the boy, seeing as Flash wasn't as popular as Liz would help shift their places and maybe Flash would leave Peter alone. Loki took one look at Coach Wilson and nodded ignoring the man's wary expression.

Detention as it turned out was just as bad as he expected it to be however this was ridiculous.

“I am a Prince you mere mortal! Pay attention to me!”

“Loki please keep quiet and pay attention to the video,” Coach Wilson’s voice droned as continued to look at his computer screen, “Michelle why are you here?”

“Drawing people in crisis is easier,” a girl beside him responded then looked Loki dead in the eye as she showed a picture of him beside Peter who definitely looked like he was in a crisis.

“Give me that!”

He went to snatch the drawing only to be slapped, her glare made him back down real quick. It didn't matter if she had a drawing of him and Peter anyway what did matter was why Peter looked like that. He turned to face the boy seeing him deep in thought as he glared at the screen of Captain America talking about detention. He had a feeling that the righteous man wasn't what was bothering him but something else.

“Hey loser,” Michelle scraped her chair back causing everyone in the room to look at her with terror.

“Why do I even bother,” the coach pulled out a set of earbuds and popped them in.

“What do you need MJ?”

“Stop having a crisis for five minutes and pay attention to someone who wants to be your friend.”

“You are my friend?”

“Not me, him,” Michelle pointed at Loki, “He looks like a feral cat ready to scratch you if you don't talk to him already. That or he might stab you.”

“I don't have my daggers with me-”

Wait. He wasn't supposed to tell anyone he wasn't armed. He warily looked around seeing the only one who heard him was Peter and Michelle.

“I'm going to pretend that I didn't hear that,” Peter muttered making Michelle snort.

“Will you now listen to me?”

Peter gave him the cutest smile as he nodded. Relief filled the prince's body and his shoulders relaxed. Finally, he had Peter's attention and soon to be friendship.

“So Peter, how do you feel about pranks?”

# HoCo

## Chapter Summary

A night to remember.

## Chapter Notes

I'm sorry for the late update, no excuse other than EmOtIoNs I'm so behind in comments too asdfghjkl

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Laughter filled the air mixing in with the chatter around the groups of popular and loser (Michelle's words not his) students sitting at one table. Peter had invited Loki to sit with him at lunch, mentioning he could bring Liz along if he did come over. Michelle had been exasperated by this so Loki doubted if he should as she was also sitting at the same table as him but she waved away those thoughts mentioning he should also invite the others so there wouldn't be an uproar. The prince had done just that and now here they all were chatting amongst themselves. Loki had been the most talkative seeing as he finally had Peter's attention or at least he thinks he did since the boy couldn't stop ogling Liz. It was a little bit frustrating because they had just become friends and Loki was feeling neglected. Sure Peter had mentioned his crush in passing and while Loki had voiced his support it brought out a few unsavoury emotions. No matter, Loki soon brought Peter's attention back to him when mentioning the homecoming dance. Everyone around the table clocked in on the topic and soon started to talk about their plans. Peter said he planned on going despite his previous doubts of not attending which triggered Loki to think about the earlier conversations when Liz and her friends asked if he was bringing someone. The prince decided he would take Peter, all he had to do was ask the boy. Snapping out of his thoughts he turned to face him and noticed an empty spot, looking around in a panic MJ scooted over and pointed towards the lunchroom doors. There standing in the middle of the archway was Peter holding a sign with some of the drama club members dressed as Spider-man doing some sort of bit. Loki felt like he was going to have a terrible migraine for the rest of the day. His fake blue eyes started to fade showing the green underneath.

*Oh hel no!*

“Liz, may I speak to you?”

Loki stood outside the senior's last class after the bell had rung patiently waiting for her to say goodbye to all her friends. This was a discussion that needed to happen before the senior left. If not then it would be all for nothing and that would not do. Surely Liz would understand and be a good friend after all he was new and it wasn't like no one else wanted to go with her. If things didn't go his way well nothing like a good bit of mischief to fix that not that it was necessary since he had a silver tongue.

Watching as students trickled out of the classroom Loki's eyes shifted to the senior packing up,

"What's going on Loki? Didn't see you after lunch you know Coach Wilson is going to give you another detention right?"

"Hmm. I have a favour to ask of you," he noted her hesitation and made himself look less intimidating, "It's nothing big."

"Oh okay, what do you need?"

"I need you to tell Peter no."

"Huh?"

"I want to take him to this homecoming event. He may have asked you but you already agreed to go with the others. I can take him instead for you so you don't have to go back on your word."

"Loki," she sounded sympathetic and he hated it, "I know what was said but Peter asked and honestly? It's my last year so I'm going to go with him. Plus he did a pretty cute homecoming proposal! Did you see the Spider-man choreography? It's like he knew I was in love with Spider-man- oh wait I guess he did since he offered to have him come to my party."

She continued to mumble nonsense and Loki had enough. She chose her fate and mischief it was, he was tired of being pushed aside. Leaving her to babble alone the prince walked out letting his blue eyes shift to green and made his way back to Greenwich Village. When arriving at the sanctum he ignored everyone there; however, it wasn't like there were many to greet him; most had even pretended he wasn't there. Letting out a huff the prince got to work on creating diversions for the night to go wrong and by the end of the night Loki had written down in a good chunk of the journal he was given. When he was picked up by Doctor Strange he simply nodded when asked if he did his homework. It wasn't like anyone would check to see it completed. Come the day of Loki was getting ready and the doctor came by his room. How annoying.

"Taking anyone?"

"I didn't know I had been adopted."

"Wouldn't be the first time..."

"Pardon?"

"Tell me when you're ready I have something for you," and with that, the doctor left.

Ignoring whatever that awkward interaction was, Loki waved his hand letting the tie fix itself. The benefits of seiðr. The prince made his way out of the room and located the doctor. The doctor for his part gave him a once over before nodding and then grabbed his cloak and it shifted into a small pocket square. Loki felt a headache coming along of course he didn't trust him alone.

"You're right I don't trust you," the doctor smirked, noticing his irritation, "But I also don't want something happening to you. High school wasn't a great time for me back then so I never went to an event. Just keeping you safe."

Loki felt himself glare less and actually softened at the words. Doctor Strange showing guardian affection? Loki guessed he didn't mind this too much so long as he didn't cross the line. He didn't know how to respond so instead he just nodded and waited for a portal to open, "Have fun Loki."

Outside the school was crowded; many people were arriving by fancy cars and some arriving in groups. Loki had spotted Betty and a few others; he only nodded to them before making his way

inside. In the gymnasium, the music was blasted with Flash and another student taking turns DJ-ing. It was quite amusing to see chaperones eyeing them along with the principal basically breathing down their neck to make sure certain songs weren't played. Rolling his eyes he scanned the room and noticed Michelle dancing alongside Ned. He approached them both and took in their outfits.

"You both look attractive."

"Shouldn't you be saying that to Parker?" Michelle rose a brow causing Ned to choke on his drink.

"I would if I knew when he was getting here with Liz."

"Oh, dude- you like Peter?"

"Why wouldn't I like Peter? He has very beautiful eyes. They remind me of the creatures you call a friend."

"A puppy?" "I'm sorry, do you not like puppies?"

"I didn't know how to translate the word," Loki deadpanned, making the two drop it.

"Well Parker is coming with Liz in a bit I think he messaged Ned a while ago."

"How do you know he messaged me?"

"You left your phone by the drinks," she handed it over his phone."

Snorting at their antics Loki had removed himself from their bickering and made his way to the door, he needed to put his plans into action if he wanted to have time with Peter to himself. Liz would not take his friend away.

Before Loki knew it he had caught sight of Liz but no Peter in sight. This wasn't right, where had his friend gone he was supposed to be with Liz. Deciding to approach the senior she simply brushed him off that her father was giving him a shovel talk. That just about made Loki lose it, he despised the shovel talk Thor had always gone too far with his friends' suitors and left them a bumbling mess. He could only imagine how many bruises Peter was going to have from the man. Deciding to go see for himself he had walked out only to see a small mess outside but no Peter. What was going on? All too soon Peter had whizzed past him. Taking action Loki brought his hand forward to use his seiðr only to be smacked by the disguised cloak, "I am trying to gain my friend's attention!"

He felt eyes around him and embarrassed as he was he quickly made himself inside only to hear the last part of the argument as Peter quickly passed him once more leaving Liz on the dance floor. Peter had left Liz- a smile soon crawled his way up and he let out a cackle. He didn't know why that had caused him as much joy as it did but at least he wasn't the only one who was flaked by the boy. Shrugging to himself he approached the senior.

"Would you care to dance Miss Toomes?"

He knew he was being petty but the glare he had received from her was delicious. She simply huffed and walked away. Shaking his head Loki simply chuckled and listened to the [music](#) that blasted as he danced the night away unaware of the chaos outside the school doors.

Fun fact I guess? Good as hell was made in 2016! I didn't realize that until I looked it up.

# President

## Chapter Summary

Loki for President

Vote Loki

BElieVE

## Chapter Notes

I just reread the chapter and wow mixed feelings asdfghjkl

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Monday morning came before he knew it full of mixed emotions that exhausted him before he got halfway through the day. It started with the doctor congratulating him on earning the Homecoming King title then when arriving at school Loki had overheard Liz announce her move which brought the question of what would happen to his status he needed a source to keep up with Midgardian culture and losing his popularity would put him out of the loop, he was soon distracted by Peter congratulating him on his crowning needless to say he was very happy from the attention and milked it for what it was worth. Unfortunately, Peter wasn't the only one to take notice and soon he lost the boy in a crowd of people coming up to speak to him- the chaos was overwhelming and not appreciated. Despite that, he had to take advantage, strike while the iron was hot. Another event besides Homecoming was running for Student Body President. Ignoring how this event would hit a little too close to home it would be the perfect way to obtain all the necessary gossip he needed. While that was his main goal it also meant he needed people on board to help. This all meant of course turning to Peter and extension Michelle and Ned. The trio would be a perfect fit for his quest. This would not only put Peter on top of the chain but rule the school with him as Vice President, something that pleased him greatly just thinking about. Michelle was obviously competent enough to be their manager given how much he learned about her through observation and conversations. She would not let him down and he planned on keeping her close, maybe she would be his second friend that he would consider. Ned was also a potential friend but he didn't know if the other boy would be willing to have Loki as such. Time would tell but for now, he had to get them on board.

"Hello, friends."

Approaching their table the prince gave a small wave towards Peter and nodded at the others. Peter had been messing with the hideous wrist bands he wore and looked up once Loki spoke up.

"Hey, Loki!"

"Loser," Michelle gave a nod and Loki twitched at that, obviously she was the only one he would allow to call him that.

"Hey man."

Trying to build up the courage he simply sat down in front of them ignoring the tray he brought in favour of making direct eye contact, "I have a proposition for you."

"A proposition?"

"Yes Michelle, that is what I said."

"Call me MJ already."

He smirked, "No I'm quite alright with Michelle," he held in his laughter at her twitch, "I wish to run for student body president. I need help and am aware you all have a set of skills that work perfectly for what I need."

"Sure-" Michelle had cut off Peter before he could agree, "What do we get in return?"

"Other than having an input on what we will be campaigning? Simple. Popularity-" he bit his lip at Ned's squeal, "Friendship," he gave a pointed look at Peter who gave a weak smile, "and chaos."

"Almost bored me there until you mentioned chaos. Alright, we're in so what do you need?"

"I love how you ask even if you clearly know I will need a campaign manager. Clearly, you're fit for the job. Ned, it would be much appreciated if you could handle all the social media. And Peter?"

"Yes?"

"Be my Vice President?" And with just a touch of humour, he placed his Homecoming Crown on top of the boy's head.

"Are you insane?!"

Loki frowned, wondering where he had gone wrong, surely Peter would have agreed after all he was more than capable of running for the position. The boy had enough knowledge to understand the role and he was utterly adorable, two things Loki thought worked in his favour.

"What do you mean?"

"Peter here has low self-esteem," they both ignored the sharp *hey* and pressed forward, "You got to give him a reason."

Well, that wouldn't do now, would it? Pulling Peter aside from the group the two stood out in the hallway with hushed tones. Peter already barreled forward on why he wasn't a good choice while Loki fired back with reasons he is the perfect candidate. The conversation consumes most of their lunch period but Loki wasn't holding back, he had meant it when he said he wanted to have Peter by his side. Eventually and quite reluctantly much to the prince's dismay Peter agreed. Peter's self-esteem still needed work. They'd have to continue this in gym class. When they returned to the table the group decided on where they would meet up and what they would need. After school after the decathlon meeting they would stay at the library and plan out everything but before that, they had all gone to the sign-ups at the office. To Loki's surprise, their names weren't the only ones running, it seems they had competition and it was with Liz's friends.

"Let's all congratulate Michelle, our new club president!"

The rounds of applause came in and the small speech she made brought everyone determined and ready for the new year they would have. They may have just come back from competitions but that didn't mean slacking off was acceptable, one of the many reasons Loki had respected the girl. She knew what she was doing no matter what role she had and the teacher had clearly seen it if he had her replace Liz. A buzzing sound broke off the attention from Michelle and towards Peter. He winced at whatever was on screen and made a move to get up.

"Parker we may be done here but we still have another meeting."

"But it's an emergency-"

"You can tell your boss to wait another hour."

"How did you know?"

"I didn't until you confirmed it. Now let's go."

She grabbed the two boys and made their way to where Loki was sitting back in a chair watching with much amusement. The prince would have to thank her later probably with a book of some sort. Peter would not be disappearing anymore at least until they were confirmed as President and Vice President.

"Let us begin?"

"Yes."

The four of them confirmed their roles and what work they would take to make things easier. Michelle was in charge of managing what they did and how much to do. Example being 70% of their impulse control because Loki did raise a few good points that even she didn't think of but did agree to. Halfway into their conversation, Ned was already setting up the platforms on social media suggesting they take pictures soon so he could start working on Photoshopping details into the background and make him look, "Badass! You'll look like Tom Hiddleston in that one photoshoot."

"Oh, that one is good! He looks so suave in front of a dark backdrop."

"Guys focus!"

Soon after Michelle and Ned mentioned getting Peter's boss to order them both tailored outfits which Peter protested but Loki waved it off saying he could manage his own and if Peter wanted he could bring in the nicest clothes he owned so the prince could fix it up. Once all that was set and done they went back and forth with topics to address and the campaign slogan.

## **BELIEVE. VOTE LOKI.**

"Give me your number and I'll send some mock-ups before I print the posters."

"Number?"

All three of them turned to him and wasn't that an unsettling sight.

"Do you not have a phone?"

"No? Am I supposed to?"

"Oh, this is sad! Kare- I mean," Peter cleared his throat, "If you're okay with it Ned can send me the files and I'll approve of them?"

"That's alright with me. I trust you."

And he did, however, it seemed Peter didn't give what happened next. When they all got up to leave Peter had run out the door leaving behind his phone. Loki had chased him out to see Peter slipping on a Spider-man mask.

"Oh."

"I can explain!"

"No, I think this all makes sense now. You weren't actively ignoring me, just too busy with all of that."

"I- yes. I-I'm sorry."

He waved his hand in dismissal, " No, apologies if you had to be on patrol earlier," he grabbed Peter's hand and placed the phone in his palm, "go now before you're late."

"Actually I'm just meeting up with Mister Stark- uh thanks but can you not tell anyone about this? I mean Ned knows and MJ I guess knows but I'm not sure."

"A secret for a secret then."

Loki stood back before he shapeshifted into a Midgardian house cat. The squeal that erupted from the boy was not something he thought would happen even if Midgardians loved a cute dog or cat. He let out a hiss scratching at the suit to make him shut up. Peter simply cooed before picking him up and squeezing him tight. If Loki wasn't what he was he was sure Peter would have snapped him in half.

"Well, what do we have here? Spider-man and hugging a cat?"

"MJ!"

"Cool it loser, I knew already, you weren't subtle in D.C."

"Parker Luck of course..."

Loki squirmed in his hold not appreciating the distress Peter was having and jumped out of his arms before transforming back.

"I guess since secrets will be in vain."

"Actually no I didn't- " "Oh my Thor Loki is a cat- wait."

"When you said Prince and royal and all that..."

"Yes yes I am Loki Prince of Asgard- was? I wouldn't say to being Thor's brother as he all but abandoned me on this planet along with mother."

Michelle nodded looking through her bag, "We can use this."

"I am not using my connections to Thor!"

"I meant your cat form, loser." Taking out a notepad from earlier to scribble, "We take a picture of you as you and your cat form then Photoshop it together and voila everyone will vote for you because of a cute cat. You won't have to go kissing babies cheeks or whatever weird stuff the

clowns do."

"I- okay? I wouldn't have consented to kiss babies. That would be strange."

"Moving on," she sniffed, "I think we should actually get these done today so we can print them out for tomorrow. Peter, tell Stark you're being dropped off home after 11."

"I am not telling him that!"

"Then tell May you'll be home before 8. Let's go!"

The next day Loki stepped out of the portal and waved off to his dad- the doctor. Just doctor. A glorified wizard. Shivering he shook his head and gave the man an illusion of a bird off his hand then quickly left ignoring the pain in his heart when he saw the man frown. Instead of trying to unpack all of that he fell into step with his Peter and co. The four of them chatted whilst dividing poster rolls suggesting where the best place to hang them was. Michelle had already gotten permission so skipping the office for a meeting was going to help them cut time. When they entered through the double doors they had all split up taking their time to do what was needed and met up with each other once they were finished. Just when they had regrouped they were met with their competition- slightly awkward.

"Loki really?" Betty crossed her arms in a frown.

"What is the matter?"

"You knew Liz and I had wanted to run for president!"

He really didn't and it seemed like she realized it too once the silence dragged on.

She threw her hands up in the air, "Unbelievable."

"It's actually believe," Ned muttered under his breath, making Loki snort.

Ned was officially his friend and Loki wouldn't take no for an answer. Looking at the others who were siding with Betty he noticed Brad glaring at Peter intensely.

"Something the matter, Davis?"

"You're not part of this Loki."

"I am if you're going to look at my friend like that," he put himself between the two, "Well?"

"Brad not worth it-" Betty tried to reason but Flash had whispered something that sounded encouraging which started to escalate things.

"Guys if either of you break into a fight and it gets put on Snapchat we're both doomed."

Loki kept staring down at Brad ignoring Peter, Ned, and Betty and Seymour's wishes to stop.

Brad on the other hand was wavering, "Jeez man I'm not going to punch him chill out."

"Hmm."

One glance at each he turned to his friends and motioned them to follow, leading them all to the

other side of the school. Midgard was changing Loki a bit too much for his liking, he needed to relax. Shivering he quickly waved away his blue-tinted hand and shoved it into one of his pockets. No one had mentioned the confrontation and decided to talk about other things.

The week had come and gone and by Friday the auditorium was packed waiting for the results of who would be taking the role of student body president.

"Calm down students," Principal Morita tried to speak over the chatter, irritated from holding up his keys and making a shushing motion the man finally let out a whistle, "Hey! Thank you. It may be Friday but we still have an hour so relax. Once announcements are over you can go back to chatting."

The room was silenced.

"Today we announce who earned the most votes- kind of disappointed not all of you voted. This is a practice for the real world so if you hate who won well it's your fault."

The room groaned but shut up after receiving a glare.

"This isn't a joke. So as I was saying in total there are 850 of you but only half voted. That being said we have

200 votes for Brad and 225 votes for Peter, congratulations Peter you won vice president!"

The room erupted with cheering and congratulating Peter. Loki turned to him and gave a bone-crushing hug. He knew for sure that they had won; he could just feel it.

"Next we have our presidential runners. Betty who aims to improve club activities and cafeteria food or Loki who aims to improve the school wifi and ensure safety on school field trips."

The room was so silent you could literally hear a pin drop, Loki may have dropped one just to test it out.

"It's a tie."

The room erupted with chaos.

"Settle down!"

It took too long to calm everyone that teachers started plucking students they knew who didn't vote and had them scribble who they wanted to vote for, all while the principal gave up and tried to talk over the mess by stating facts of both runners to help make a decision. Loki was very amused by this despite his nerves getting the better of him. Michelle came up beside him and held his hand glaring at Peter to do the same. The prince simply mouthed a thank you to both while Ned bless his heart was updating their page with cat photos to hopefully get favoured by the crowd.

"Quiet!"

The voices slowly started to die down and Morita huffed.

"All has been counted and the winner is Loki by a landslide!"

Loki for his part fainted into Peter's arms. For the dramatics of course.

## Chapter End Notes

Some side plot

Loki: Thor has abandoned me. I have no siblings.

MJ: \*exist\*

Loki: I have one(1) sister.

## Discovery

### Chapter Summary

Loki is just asking for chaos and Peter helps.

### Chapter Notes

 Big update this weekend, I'm so sorry for not posting. Catching up as quickly as I can here.

This chapter goes out to 10millionfireflies. Originally this was meant to be Loki and Peter causing chaos for 1.5k words but it felt like droning filler so now some plot is added with their Papa Strange comment.

In the aftermath of their victory, Loki had used his seiðr to contact the doctor addressing that he would be home late again. The man didn't seem to mind so long as Loki was safe and with permission, even if he wasn't asking, the prince set out to celebrate with Peter and friends. No that wasn't right they were all friends now, they had helped achieve his goal and went above and beyond to do so. Summoning his wallet from a pocket dimension, the four of them took a bus to a nearby cafe. As a treat, he bought them anything they wanted off the menu. The only one to protest was Peter and of course, Loki had to give him a pointed look before ordering something he knew he would appreciate. Once they obtained their order they all sat at a table near the window.

"Thank you, my friends. I couldn't have done this without your help," the prince looked down shyly.

"We can't take all the credit Lokes, you happen to be very persuasive and charming," Peter may have only been complimenting him out of friendship but it stirred something inside of him, "Also I think your cat form really helped the vote."

The four laughed at that remembering how much attention the one poster got that Ned had posted more photos of cat Loki on their campaign Instagram. There were so many screenshots taken when Peter held cat Loki on Snapchat as well. It had gotten to the point where Betty tried a similar trick but using Spider-man on a live stream which had been very awkward for Peter. Loki and Michelle didn't let it go for the rest of the day.

Loki bit into a scone mildly pleased that it wasn't all that bad and took a sip from his tea. The others had enjoyed their snacks and the silence that hung over the table was peaceful. The prince had to admit he felt happy here on Midgard. It was nothing that he thought it was like and yes sometimes it felt like he was out of depth but with his friends, it felt like someplace he could call home. Now if only Strange could stop mother henning, he turned his gaze to give a sharp-pointed look to the two men sitting four tables away. The two men didn't stop staring even after Loki gave them another illusion bird flick. He'd have words with his dad later. Doctor! Not dad-

The next day Loki woke up to a buzzing sound it progressively got louder by the minute to the point he could no longer ignore it. Pushing the duvet cover aside Loki rose from his bed and smacked his lips while rubbing the crust off his eyes, after blinking several times until his vision settled he addressed the room and noticed a phone on top of the desk. Cursing whoever left their

phone the god got up and cracked his back swiping the device trying to figure out how to shut off the noise.

“Norns shut this horrifying contraption before I burn it!”

“That will be a hard thing to do since there are wards put on it,” Loki turned to the deep voice by the doorframe, “I managed to get Stark to give you a phone. Don’t do anything incriminating with it and you’ll be fine. Thought you should have one since you’re hanging out with his kid.”

“Speaking of incriminating activity who are you that you think you can spy on me while I hang out with my friends?” He crossed his arms raising a brow.

“Someone who is supposed to be looking out for you while you’re staying on this planet.”

“Because I’m the god of mischief,” said god spoke with much bitter squeezing his fist, “I haven’t done anything wrong!”

“Nothing big but you have done something considering we have a parent-teacher conference to attend on Monday other than that I like to think I’m looking out for you because not only is it a job from Odin but I do care about you Loki. You’re still a child and don’t know much about this planet so if I can keep you safe even from people your age then I will do just that.”

“I can take care of myself!”

“So you’re turning blue on purpose?”

“What?”

Loki looked down at his arm that was slowly turning frosted and let out a cry shaking his hand. His arm was grabbed just as easily and as quick as the frost was there it disappeared with the doctor’s help. The boy hadn’t seen his blue abilities in quite a while since the banishment incident to be exact. Despite certain setbacks and trivials with school not once did he lose his cool. He had to get better at settling his emotions but for now, he had to lie his way through this disaster no one could know that this ability wasn’t an illusion.

“I-”

“Loki do you know who you are?”

“I am a prince?”

“Yes, you are but do you know your heritage?”

“I am an Asgardian of course, why are you asking this you should know of this?”

The silence that followed made him doubt himself and the man. There was clearly a deeper meaning to this conversation. Had the man known of something Asgardians kept quiet about specifically seiðr users- he secretly hoped that other seiðr users had this blue ability problem and it was just a very hard topic to approach.

“Do you believe that the Jotunn are monsters?”

Well, that wasn’t at all he thought this conversation was going at, he didn’t respond for quite some time nervous about if his answer was wrong so instead he asked his own, “Are you going to tell the Allfather and Thor of my answer?” He trusted his mother since he knew her opinion even if it was vague.

“Forget about those two, I want to know your opinion. I won’t tell a soul. This conversation is for us only,” he even had the cloak leave his shoulders to guard the door.

Taking a deep breath he spoke quietly, “They are misunderstood? I will not fib when I say that Odin and Thor have instilled a little hatred in me towards them however mother has whispered some stories of them and how they are powerful seiðr users. Ones that do not look at anyone low for using it in battle.”

Loki felt out of place fiddling with the sleeve of his sleeping tunic. He hoped that his answer wouldn’t cause him any harm nor be heard by Heimdall that in itself was a nightmare if true. Instead of stewing any longer to the horrible thoughts the boy raised his head and met the eye of the doctor.

“I think you should go change into some comfortable clothes before we continue, I have to go make a call first.”

“Okay?”

Once he was finished he walked out of his room to see a portal open with Peter looking around the

New York Sanctum, he quietly cursed himself for not dressing at least a little more proper. He also saw the doctor through the portal talking to Peter before noticing Loki and told him to wait. The portal closed and the doctor once more pulled him into the privacy of his room.

“Perhaps sit down for this,” he pushed him onto the desk chair.

“Handle with care, I am a prince after all,” he made a light joke not caring but more curious than ever.

“We can talk more about this another time but the reason you have these abilities Loki is that you’re Jotunn.”

Something in his mind snapped, the process of the information was quick and once that he understood why he felt so different and why he was treated differently since he could remember- Loki couldn’t breathe. Not in a panic but more in rage he needed to get out of his room. A portal opened revealing Peter and the prince nodded in thanks before making his way through it.

“Oh, Loki hey, so your dad said you wanted to hang out?”

“Get on your suit we’re going to cause chaos.”

He summoned his horned headpiece and his satchel.

“Oh- okay, are you okay?” Peter tapped his chest letting his suit consume him, Loki had to admit that it looked cool.

“I will be once we do something important.”

Peter nodded not questioning his motives and instead vocalizing his own opinion, “Nice pun shirt, do you have more Loki punned shirts? Or are they Norse puns?”

The two hit the streets Loki hung onto Peter as he swung around and the prince let his seiðr touch things as they passed. Newsstands had their dates changed, businesses with their signs backwards, a hot dog stand missing two just made dogs (He summoned them into a container for later), and as to keep on swinging Loki waved his hand to let petty thieves have their shoelaces tied before they tried to run away and bank robbers with their pants down. The thrill of swinging and causing chaos delighted the god. He had two more pranks he wanted to happen but first he needed to convince the boy that this would be for the greater good.

“Yeah, I’ll do it, just watch my back.”

Well, it was easier than he expected. Peter was swinging near the empty ferry dumping packets of gelatin into the water, the prank was to solidify the water around the boat as to prevent it from departing when it was scheduled to do a ride. Loki was keeping an eye out in his cat form as to not attract anyone where he was watching. That and Peter had begged him before their next prank if he could swing around with Loki in a cat bag he had from rescuing strays and taking them to shelters. Loki couldn’t refuse. He noticed some movement near another street and he meowed just enough for the boy to hear him. Quickly tapping his paws against the ground the water around the ferry turned into jello. Satisfied to see his idea come into fruition the prince jumped into the bag and twitched embarrassingly when he felt a kiss being planted onto his head before the bag was closed. Once they got into the motion of swinging Loki opened his eyes to see the city from the inside of the bag. Much cooler than having to worry about not falling off.

The last prank was to have a competition at Coney Island and win all the absurd prizes fair and square with their strength, Peter having his enhancements and Loki being a literal god. Needless to say, Loki was having fun seeing the stand employees getting nervous about losing their prizes. Peter had been nervous at first started to enjoy himself and even gifted Loki a jumbo plush after hammering down the bell stand. As to keep their momentum of having fun Loki dropped the pluses off at the sanctum through his seiðr use and kept Peters in a pocket dimension. Loki took note of how late it was and took out the container of food giving Peter a hot dog.

“When did you get this?”

“Earlier.”

“You did pay for them right?”

“Of course!”

“I don’t believe you.”

“As you should.”

His only response back was a laugh and the two settled with their meal on the beach watching the sunset.

## Trouble

### Chapter Summary

Thoughts are had, a decision is made.

The New York City sky clapped lighting up as it started to pour inside the sanctum Loki shivered. Ever since his dad, yes he called him dad now, screw it, revealed his true heritage to him he felt jumpy anytime it rained. He heard Thor had come to Earth more specifically New Mexico but had later come to New York. He supposed the Avengers were doing missions at this time and he didn't know if the other god was going to visit. He quietly requested if he could not see Thor feeling unsafe now that he knew who he was and what his brother most despised. Unfortunately, the man couldn't promise that seeing as he had to abide by the king of Asgard but he did promise that if Thor raised hell he would do everything in his power to keep Loki safe. Loki felt warm and fuzzy after that especially when he learned from the man how to face time Peter. The boy kept him updated more or less on what was going on in the compound even if it was vague but he also directed Loki's attention to happier topics. At this point, Loki was so focused on thinking of Peter that he didn't notice he was shifting from his regular form to his cat form whilst burning a trench with all his pacing. If Wong were there he would have helped calm Loki and also point out that his brother was standing by the doorway looking amused.

"Brother, what has made you so nervous? You haven't been this bothered since Sigyn rejected you-"

At that Loki threw a dagger as he shapeshifted back missing completely and flushing when the blade didn't even stick to the wall as a warning. How embarrassing to miss Thor- it wasn't like these blades weren't ever used to stab him, he always did whenever he received a new one- he really needed his original daggers. Apparently, it wasn't blind to Thor that his heart wasn't fully in making his mark.

"Loki where are your daggers? What did you call them... Fenrir and Jörmungand-"

"It's Fenrir and Sleipnir, Jörmungand is the casing name. You know this-! ...da- The wizard took them away."

The furious gaze that Thor sported absolutely terrified him it reminded him of the look that he had when he thought Loki was attacked by the Jotunn. Instantly his fight or flight was activated had he got into a battle stance summoning his seiðr only to be pushed past and Thor screaming for an audience with the sorcerer. Loki felt nervous for the man but knew he could hold his own if he was the one protecting the universe- Thor shouldn't be too much for him...hopefully.

"I'm in the kitchen no need to get loud," the man walked down the stairs and glared at Thor as he came closer.

"If you do not come here and give my brother his weapons back I will rip off your arms and shove them up your butt!"

Both Loki and Strange stared at Thor in disbelief. The idea itself was quite intimidating but coming from Thor's mouth it almost sounded comedic. Loki didn't know whether to laugh or get in front of his dad to defend him even if Thor was doing this for him he didn't want to witness such a ghastly scene.

"Can I ask why you're getting hostile over a pair of daggers that Loki has an endless supply of?" the doctor said dryly.

"Those daggers are the ones our Mother and Father," Loki bit his tongue from saying not his, "have told Loki to never let out of his sight least he wanted to die so I suggest you give them back

before he dies in your care. You are quite lucky he didn't die before I found out or all of Asgard would have come to your doorstep and killed you where you stand!"

"...Loki needs these daggers in order to live?"

Thor huffed, "Yes! It is not that surprising, I am sure you mortals have similar circumstances yourself."

"This all makes sense now," Strange glared at him before looking to Loki with a soft look and handed them over, "I am sorry of my ignorance Prince Loki."

Loki didn't understand at all but he knew his dad would explain later. It was obvious that it had to do something with his true heritage maybe Odin and Frigga had fibbed over something as extreme as death for a reason.

"Is that all King Thor?"

"Never take them away again!"

"Of course not, Prince Loki's survival is not only important to Earth but to Asgard."

"Right."

His dad shook his head before looking over at Loki and mouthing he would be watching before making another exit.

"I have brought Jörmungand along with me," he handed the box over and Loki felt relief letting his shoulders relax slightly still on guard with Thor, "and I have a question for you."

"...What is it?"

"I have heard from Stark that his son has been hanging around you lately, care to tell me why you aren't learning from your mistakes and off causing mischief? Loki if you wish to return home you need to learn your lesson. I was going to pick you up today but I see that you haven't changed."

Loki felt shame and anger rush over him, tell a god- god of mischief no less to not cause chaos, that was absurd. It made him angry that he couldn't help it but it gave him an idea on how to stay longer on earth least until he grew old enough to make his own decisions and live with his dad. If Thor thought he should learn his lesson before he lifted the banishment then so be it, out of the corner of his eyes he saw his dad's cloak shake in disapproval. What did they know, Loki was willing to do what it took to stay. Maybe he'd do something drastic like take over part of the city or become friends with the president. Ellis seemed like a decent man.

"Peter is my friend."

Thor stared at him as if he shapeshifted into Sif with the haircut he gave her back when he was a toddler, "you are making friends?"

"Why is that so hard to believe?!" He knew why but it still upset him.

"Pardon me Loki but you don't let people close, Sigyn was the only one and-"

"Sigyn isn't nice like Peter. Sigyn isn't understanding like Peter. Sigyn isn't funny like Peter. And Sigyn isn't breathtaking like-" Loki snapped his mouth shut clearing his throat, "Peter is better, he is worth the effort into getting to know and learning his comforts and discomforts. If he didn't want to cause chaos I wouldn't have forced it, he was glad to cause chaos with me. If Stark is upset then clearly he hasn't asked Peter's side of the story only seen through a pair of lens."

Thor stared at him closely slowly nodding as he looked like he was finally understanding Loki's side of the story. Hopefully, he was and if not he was sure his dad would back him up, he didn't seem upset when he came back from hanging with Peter that day especially when he was the one to bring Peter over before he told him the truth.

"I think I understand."

"You do?"

"I do but do you?"

"Huh?"

Thor gave him an amused smile, "You are in love."

That time he didn't miss stabbing Thor right below an important organ. Of course, that was the reason for his pacing earlier and it had to be Thor of all people to help him understand that. Why was it now that the oaf was smart about it, it was always him pointing out the obvious like Amora's obsession over him. Loki whined as he hid his face in his brother's chest feeling

embarrassed. What was he going to do now?

“Court Starkson,” the other god’s voice cut through his plight, “Isn’t that obvious?”

“Must you read my thoughts now?”

“I wasn’t reading, I don’t think I’d ever been able to but you did speak out loud brother.”

“...not your brother,” he pouted and gave room between them ignoring Thor’s hurt expression, “It’s not that simple, Peter is my friend I do not wish to ruin it further.”

“And what if someone else wins his affection, you won’t intervene?”

Loki stiffened, that counted as being second right? Loki was tired of it, he was doing so well at being first while his stay here.

“Then,” he licked his lips thinking of how “I should be taking Fandral’s advice now?”

“I think that is an excellent idea.”

## Courting

### Chapter Summary

Loki soon realises how dumb Peter Parker really is.

After the visit with Thor Loki had made a plan filling the journal he was given on his first day. It was a list entailing all the major points in order to court someone courtesy of Fandral when Loki had been trying to talk to Sigyn once upon a time. He had seen Fandral's advice work first hand from the man but now it was time he took the advice himself and use it seriously instead of mockingly. The doctor even helped him gather some materials and made lunch for him to bring to school even making sure to add chips and smash the sandwich bread for Peter. Everything seemed to be going well that the prince felt like something was going to happen even with reassurance from Wong and the cloak. He just hoped it was nothing too dramatic, he'd have to go over the plan with the others tomorrow while Peter wasn't around.

"After you darling," Loki voiced as smoothly as he had practised while holding the door for Peter.

Earlier that morning Loki had picked him up and offered to carry his books, Peter had looked at him funny before agreeing most likely waiting for the prince to fess up on what he was doing. Loki had thought it was obvious or would be over time but that was something to worry over later when he analysed his results.

"O-oh thanks Lokes," the flush that appeared on the boys cheeks was adorable.

The prince nodded in return and followed him to the lockers feeling everyones eyes on them, it made him nervous for sure but he had to ignore them unless he wanted to mess his chances with Peter. Glancing over at a window Loki gave himself a once over and relaxed when his appearance didn't seem off at least that wasn't the problem. The two stopped in front of the lockers and Loki let Peter put away what he needed and insisted that he take he would carry to Peter's next class.

"It won't matter if I'm late or not, I never go to class on time anyway," he waved his hand.

"How many detentions have you had?"

"I don't know I only went when you did."

"Loki!"

The prince grinned letting out a small breathy laugh as he dodged the playful swipe, how cute was his concern. Peter huffed as he closed his locker opening his mouth to say something but stopped and angled his head slightly.

"Peter-?"

"Loki I know your father mentioned he would talk to you so why aren't you with us in my office?" an authoritative voice sounded from behind him, "Come on lets go."

Loki quickly gave back the books as he was dragged to the office by the vice-principal, all attempts to be released were futile and he was thoroughly embarrassed by that. He knew something was going to go wrong today, Wong owed him two hundred rupees. Upon entering the office Loki spotted his dad looking just as uncomfortable as he did only he hid it better. He did remember the man mentioning his displeasure in his own time during high school he wondered if he was having troubled thoughts now from it. At least both of them could suffer this meeting together.

“So lets talk about Loki’s attendance.”

When the horrid meeting was over the two exited the office and were bored out of their mind.

“Maybe next time go to class and don’t call a teacher...those words, they may not understand it but I do. That’s terrible Loki,” the doctor grinned despite him trying to reprimand him, “Also why are your eyes blue?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

“I do that’s why I asked you menace.”

And a saviour for once the bell had rung and Loki straightened in place.

“Hear that? That’s my queue to go to class! Goodbye father dearest,” Loki bolted down the hall towards Peter’s class opening the door just in time to see the boy make his way to the door.

“How much trouble are you in?”

“The doctor may be just as good as me when getting out of trouble,” he smiled.

“Really? Hey maybe he really is your dad then huh?”

The prince snorted brushing off the fake accusation and the two were met with Michelle and Ned as the group made way to the lunchroom.

“Can the food look anymore stale? I thought we went to a nice school.”

“Money goes to the clubs and field trips loser.”

“Remind me to ask my mom if I can pack leftovers.”

“I’ll pay you guys if you bring me some tomorrow,” Peter whined following Ned and Michelle in line.

Loki was so glad he thought ahead and followed the one rule Fandral insisted was a must, plucking Peter out of line he rushed to their table and plopped them both onto the seats.

“Loki I didn’t get-” he took out the sandwich and fresh sweet tea from his satchel, “Did you make this for me?”

“Of course!”

“Wait what about MJ and Ned?”

“They’ll be fine, now eat I have plenty more for your metabolism.”

Peter's flush made Loki's heart stutter he couldn't believe this boy could get any cuter. By the time their friends came by Peter was already rambling on how good the tea was and finishing up his second sandwich.

"Where did you get a sandwich from?"

"Loki," Peter muffled through a bite.

"What about-" Ned was elbowed by Michelle and Loki bit his lip to smother a smile thankful that Michelle picked up on what Loki was doing. Soon Ned figured it out and beamed at Loki giving him a thumbs up.

"Ugh, I've never been so full before I think I want a nap."

Taking the opportunity in front of him he wrapped his arm around Peter and let him rest his head on his chest, "Sleep and I shall wake you later."

Peter covered his mouth letting out a yawn snuggling closer, "Thanks Lokes."

Covering his forehead with his other hand Loki let the cool temperature of his Jotunn abilities rush to his palm and aid Peter's slumber.

Michelle let out a sigh breaking Loki's gaze from the boy, "You do realise Peter doesn't know you're trying to woo him right?"

"Pardon?"

"He's going to think you're doing all this because you consider him your best friend."

"What?!"

Peter stirred slightly and Loki lowered the temperature he radiated.

"Well obviously that's not the case but Peter is oblivious to this kind of stuff and he's totally going to make himself mope around when he thinks you don't feel the same way even if you're doing all this," Ned shrugged.

"So everything I have planned he won't see more as friendship?"

"Just be up front with him."

Loki blushed at the thought and covered his face in Peter's curls, he shouldn't have a problem with that but this was Peter they were talking about the boy made Loki feel all sorts of things and his nerves took advantage of that.

*'What if someone else wins his affection?'*

Right. Loki couldn't think of someone else that wasn't him with Peter before he got the chance to see if Peter accepted him.

When the four of them got to the gymnasium Loki was hyping himself up as much as he could with the help of Ned and Michelle. Michelle's aura relaxed him and Ned was enthusiastic enough that it made him feel ready. Peter was still waking up from his nap so he didn't sense anything from the three of them.

“Today we are doing the Captain America Fitness Exam, grab a partner and hit the mats.”

Loki immediately held Peter’s hand biting his lip at Peter’s surprise, “Uh Lokes you usually go with MJ?”

“She insisted on partnering with Ned the next time we had these.”

“O-oh sure who goes first?”

“You can go first I’ll hold you.”

Midway through Peter doing sit ups Loki decided now was the best time.

“You may have noticed I’ve been acting slightly different today.”

“Slightly? I mean yeah I’ve noticed but you haven’t told me what you were up to so I thought it was going to be a surprise-” “I’m trying to court you.”

“What?!”

Peter lifted himself up with ease making the few around them look at them and the coach congratulate Peter for sitting up so quick. Neds laughter could be heard from across the room and if the two looked they would’ve seen Michelle smiling with her shoulders shaking.

“I thought it was obvious but Ned and Michelle said otherwise.”

“You’re kidding me.”

“No they really did-” “No I mean why me? I’m no one special and you’re a prince- a god actually so whats so special about me?”

“Everything.”

“Everything?”

“Peter you’re the first person who I’ve ever wanted to get close to and treated me with respect. Normally strangers see me as a nuisance just by name but you didn’t, you’re different. I love different.”

They were both red by this confession and kept quiet for a while continuing with the exam until one of them was ready to speak again.

“So you like me?”

“I do. Will you go on a date with me?”

“Yeah I’d love that.”

They both smiled.

*How to Court a Lady* by Frandral the Dashing

- *Be a gentleman*
- Homemade meals
- Purchase the finest of gifts (Don't have mortal currency and neither does Wong)
- Poems and Seranades
- Look presentable
- Be charming
- Show off skills

# SpiderFrost

## Chapter Summary

A date ft. Stark's wallet

## Chapter Notes

TW: Attempted kidnapping and Loki fighting

Staring into the soul of Stark was proving to be very amusing as the man tried to be intimidating with Loki. When the prince arrived to pick up Peter the man had stood in front of him insisting they talked while Peter got ready for their date. At first, he tried to lay ground rules but Loki had cut him off handing over their schedule for the day. Stark had sputtered not expecting him to be so open to letting him know when and where they would be for the date, not even Peter had mentioned to him where which Loki found odd considering Michelle and Ned said Stark was his father. After that poor excuse of a talk, the two sat in the common room of the Avengers compound in complete silence Stark trying to look like an adult while Loki stared blankly at him.

“Mister Stark, why did you have FRIDAY block my signal? What are you trying to tell Loki?” Peter came in frustrated.

“Just had to make sure everything was fine kid, this is Point Break’s brother after all.”

“Not his brother-” Loki cleared his throat rolling his eyes at Stark’s raised brow and holding out his arm, “Shall we go?”

The two headed off towards the exit but not before the man had one more thing to say.

“Bring him back home before eight!”

“Mister Stark!”

“So where are we headed to first?”

“Thought we should go see the Modern Art museum I heard we were supposed to go this year but they miscalculated on budgets.”

From Peter’s gasp Loki had a feeling he chose right, “Really excited to go there but question- are you still in trouble from our last hangout?”

“No? Not really, Dad said to not cause mischief in school he never said anywhere else- he was the reason we were able to do anything that day without getting in trouble.”

“So he never said anything after that?”

“Peter?”

“Apparently there’s this wall there that I’m sure is just a fun piece and not actually part of the art-”

“Are you suggesting vandalism?” Loki smirked, “To think Perfect Parker was actually a naughty little-” “It’s for a meme!”

“Well if you want to get there before there’s a crowd we should take the shorter route.”

“And wheres that?”

Loki scooped Peter into his arms and snapped his fingers teleporting them in front of the building.

“Shit!”

“I believe as the PSA’s say language or twenty push-ups but go on if you feel like cursing again,” Loki winked and let him go but made sure to take his hand and ground him. Teleporting the first time around did make people dizzy.

“Can you teach me that?”

“No, but I can show you how the sorcerers get around.”

“Nice.”

Inside the building were rooms of art-filled to the brim sometimes placed specifically in an odd clutter or shape but of course with purpose. Loki didn’t think they were all that impressive as the art from the earlier days of humanity but it was eyecatching especially the ones that covered entire walls, it felt like a submersion if anything. At certain points, Loki used his seiðr to change certain words on a summary of a work or add a tiny snake into an art piece for someone to notice later on. He was hyping himself up to face the wall Peter was very interested in seeing. A simple joke really, the wall had the words, **Hello. Again.** and was to be changed to **Hello There.** a Star Wars reference. Once they finished looking around they were going to rush over and change it, take a picture, and dip. Loki would, of course, change it before the staff took notice but if a few visitors could see it then that would make their day. Since they were still looking around Loki decided to make conversation over some of the pieces.

“It’s quite something really,” he motioned to a piece awkwardly.

Peter snorted and nudged him, “Yeah it really is, a picture of a toilet on a toilet seat... I feel like this is something Mister Stark would have if he put art in the workshop.”

“Really? I thought he would like that piece of arse art over there, a whole set of them too.”

“Oh my Loki- I can’t even look at that,” he giggled.

“Peter this is very serious, people have worked hard on these pieces,” Loki bit his lip not bothering to smother his laugh much.

“Come on let’s see a few more pieces and get out of here.”

“We’ll look at that one piece but I want to see the gift shop before we leave.”

“Lokes this place is expensive.”

“I know.”

“Wait a minute how did you even get money to pay admission?”

The prince raised a plastic card with the words Anthony Edward Stark on the bottom lower half.

“Loki!”

“He won’t mind if it’s to keep you happy.”

“He’s going to kill us.” “Like Michelle, the intellectual would say...eat the rich.”

The two of them browsed a bit more before quickly taking advantage of the empty hallway and changing up the words, a small spell and the two of them both got a picture together in front of the bold letters that were changed. They laughed all the way to the gift shop looking for the most useful items to purchase. Peter had settled with a MoMa pullover hoodie and Loki snuggled into a MoMa sweatshirt. It was October and the water nearby made the city feel cooler today. If Stark had any problem with their use of his cards they would justify it from being too cold to walk around. Once they exited the museum Loki switched back the letters before a recurring visitor could inform an employee. The dumbfounded face they had when they returned made the two lose it as they walked down the street heading towards the burger joint for lunch. It was a few blocks away but well worth the cold air, especially with their new gifts.

“Hey, Loki do you think- get down!”

Peter shoved Loki to the side as a car pulled up and a few men tried taking him struggle and all. Loki was having none of that and summoned his daggers feeling his seiðr flow into them along with his Jotunn abilities, he wouldn’t make a mark on them but hel if he wasn’t going to scare them for trying to take Peter away.

“Excuse me but you are ruining our date, kindly back off,” the prince threw the daggers at the men trying to go for him pinning them onto the car door and yanked the ones trying to detain Peter before throwing a punch, “You mortals are lucky I care for his sanity or you would be all dead within seconds!”

Loki kept moving throwing punches where he could and stood in front of Peter until the men went down. Peter for his part was exasperated and called the police webbing them and the car for the officers to detain them by the time they arrived.

“Can we still go get lunch?”

“The date isn’t ruined?”

“I think if we’re going to date no matter what bad guys will always try and ruin them,” he shrugged, “It’s only ruined if we let it be.”

“Then we both agree it’s not.”

The two smiled and made their way to five guys both choosing to ignore their perspective helper. Loki had Michelle tailing them and messaging him if he had ever slipped up on something or made a fool of himself while Loki didn’t know Ned was doing the same for Peter. Both of their friends had decided to just hang out together and follow them with obvious disguises, Ned in a fedora and Michelle with a fake moustache.

The two sat across from their friends enjoying their post fighting/date meal. It was quiet for the most part but they both played with each other under the table nudging each other's feet around until the other one was bold enough to swipe a fry if they kicked hard enough. Roughhousing as it may look but to them, it was all in good fun especially when they didn't need to hold back with each other. The date was even more of a success when their friends had subtly given them a thumbs up to seeing as they were doing well for a first date (technically they were each other first).

“I think I should take you home before your father comes flying,” Loki smirked.

“He’s not really my dad...you do know that right?”

“And Strange isn’t really my dad but I see him that way now, at least more than Odin ever was.”

“Hmm. Fair enough, let’s go I’d like to keep you in one piece thank you very much.”

When the two got in front of the compound Loki lifted Peter’s hand and pressed a gentle kiss, “I had quite a fun day today, shall we do this again?”

“I’m going to stop you right there and suggest we do that but also we can just say we’re together because we both like each other and we can do this-”

Peter leaned in and pressed his lips against Lokis, the prince felt like he was in Valhalla, wrapped in the finest of Asgardian quilts, and feeling a rush of coolness flow through him.

“That’s enough! Split it up FRIDAY doesn’t need to have these on her recordings- she’s still young!”

“Mister Stark!” “You can have your credit card back.”

“My what?!”

# Home

## Chapter Summary

He's not going back.

## Chapter Notes

Thanks again to 10millionfireflies for the inspiration for this chapter! A little something Halloween themed <3 Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Inside the New York City Sanctum were the sounds of page being turned alongside Beyonce's vocals and a conversation between the group of teenage friends. The conversation entailed the latest plans for the weekend. It was nearing Halloween and while the actual date landed on a Sunday they planned for their small party, courtesy of one doctor wizard, to be the day before which gave them some time to figure out what their costumes would be.

"How about dressing up as rebel fighter pilots? That could be something we could do," Peter began to suggest, only to be cut off, "No. Instead, we should go as royals."

"Loki you already won homecoming and presidency- you're already a prince aren't you a little tired of the role?"

"Yeah but you never wear a crown I want to see you wear a crown," he pouted.

"If I wear the homecoming crown will you help me choose an idea?"

"Deal!"

"You two are insufferably adorable alright, why don't you both go as Kirk and Spock," Strange looked up from the book he was reading.

"Who?" "Why does that feel like something you'd go as?" "Bless you." "That's worse than Peter's rebel idea-" "Hey!"

"You could have just said no," the man rolled his eyes and went back to his book.

"Actually I have the perfect idea, dad can you teach Peter how to open a portal?"

"No he will not," Wong cut in before he could be answered.

"But Uncle Wong!"

"Just because you call me Uncle doesn't mean I will let you get away with anything, I'm not

Strange.” “Fair.”

Loki huffed as Wong walked away making the motion that he was watching them then glared at the sanctum master.

“He’s right, I shouldn’t allow Peter to create portals at least in such a short period of time. Sorry kid.”

It seemed fair enough but Loki was disappointed he’d have to teach Peter something himself if he wanted to go through with his idea- that is if Peter wanted to follow through but most likely he would if that meant Loki would be in his cat form. Leaning on the boy’s shoulder he looked at his friends in compilation, he didn’t even think if they wanted to do their own thing or join them as well.

“What was your idea anyway?”

“According to research you mortals enjoy the ‘classic’ witch and cat,” he shrugged.

“Wait, that’s perfect!” Michelle cut in, “Obviously Loki will be a cat, Peter you can be the halloween witch we all know about, I can be a fortune teller- what’s more scary than gambling if what I say is true? And Ned can be Doctor Strange.”

Ned gasping made them all flinch, “Oh my- Loki I am your father,” his voice was deepened and muffled behind his hand.

“Ned buddy- my brother in all but blood, why, why did you make that joke,” Peter whined and Loki laughed.

The prince loved his friends. He had clearly made the right decision to share his idea, Michelle had understood where he was going with this and now that they all seemed to be down for it especially Peter when he heard cat. He wasn’t going to disappoint them. Now that they all agreed they went around the sanctum looking for materials careful not to disturb Strange or Wong, wandering around the place made them jumpy and they didn’t want to alarm them. Michelle went off to gather clothes and Ned went off to find artifacts that would look good out in the room they reserved for the party. The party would consist of the four, Strange and Wong, a few teachers from the Kamar-Taj, and the Avengers which Loki had yet to meet other than Stark. While those two were off Loki dragged Peter to his room and sat him on his bed. Taking his hand he faced his palm up and pressed a hand onto his boyfriend’s forehead feeling around if he had any potential for the seidr trick he had in mind.

“What are you doing? Your hand feels kind of cooler than usual.”

“Trying to see if you can cast a simple trick, my mother taught me this when I was young and I want you to do a small trick,” he bit his lip, “That is if you want to?”

“Yeah! If you can be a cat then I should learn something.”

“Excellent and it seems like you can handle this trick, I think your altered makeup helps out a great deal.”

“Then teach me your ways, my powerful prince.”

Getting Peter to concentrate enough for the spell proved harder than expected. Well it was also his fault but being in close proximity to his boyfriend didn't help. They were alone in his room and the chance to plant kisses on his adorable face was irresistible, especially to see it turn red from much needed attention. Loki was quite happy with himself. Peter surprised him when a spark of colours started to burst from his palm. Getting him to control said sparks was much easier than concentrating. All he had to do was tell Peter to think about how much strength he uses when handling common objects and transfer it over to the amount of light he displays. The thought of Peter learning spells from him sent a thrill over him. He hoped Peter would be willing to learn more, the potential was there and if he could have a few spells under his belt then it would help him relax when the boy went out outside of his hero persona. Plus he could teach him ways to keep Flash away and out of his hair when needed.

The days leading up to the party went without a hitch. Seeing Stark and Strange sporting looks of wariness at the artifacts Ned had chosen was priceless. They couldn't tell which was which and if it was dangerous, wait til they found out the punch ladle was the cursed object and the rest was completely safe, Ned of course had help from the cloak. Speaking of Ned he was dressed as a mini Strange and the sight made his dad nearly tear up. He did have fans despite not being on the official Avengers roster. Michelle herself was bonding with Wanda earning tips on how to be a fortune teller. Peter worried that the girl was actually learning and not just faking the skill. Oh well they'd learn once she came and read their cards. As Loki had planned he was perched onto Peter's shoulder as a cat hissing at anyone who got close or turning to ooze if someone picked him up. No one was getting a hold of him but Peter he wouldn't allow anyone but him. Peter laughed at this and settled him onto his lap when he wanted to rest and showed Loki his improvements with the spell from the last time they practised together.

“Brother! I see you have yourself a lover and one that uses seidr like you! Congratulations.”

Loki hissed in response, swiping at the god's hand when he tried placing it on his head. If he didn't appreciate it before then the oaf should've learned by now, he was almost tempted to bring out his daggers right then and there.

“Now brother, I must tell you mother misses you dearly and I think she and I have come to an agreement and lift your punishment. You may return after today Loki!”

Feeling Peter still made Loki's heart sink, he didn't want to leave him, or his friends, or his school, he didn't even want to leave the man he had come to see as a father. This was his home now, a place where he felt loved and didn't have to be second let alone with a reputation that others built for him with the title placed on him. This wasn't fair- his mother as much as he loved her... he couldn't still face her not after finding out who he was, she'd know then and there that he knew and he didn't want to know what followed. At least here with Strange he could learn more about himself and take things slow. So no he really didn't want to go back. He was about to retaliate but

Peter's voice speaking up for him had him relax. Peter was very good with words when it mattered to him.

"Mister Thor sir? Did you ever ask what Loki wanted? He's told me a lot of things about Asgard and as pretty as the place sounds, I don't think he's happy there."

"Pardon Starkson?"

"I- Listen, Loki is happy here. He has more people his age around him- friends in fact, he can cause Mischief when he wants because Mister Strange looks out for him, and he's safe. The sanctum is the safest place for him on earth and if he was ever in danger the Avengers are here. Plus I like to think he doesn't want to leave me just yet, he told me about your relationship with Jane and sorry not sorry but that's not a healthy relationship. Seeing someone once a year with no in between communication just hurts. She must be really strong if she is able to handle that... you can love someone unconditionally but to let yourself be in love with a ghost is powerful."

If Loki were out of his cat form he'd pepper Peter with kisses and laugh at Thor's expression. What Peter said was true and he couldn't have said it any better, Loki would probably have stabbed Thor or thrown a tantrum after being ignored but by the sight of it it was sinking into the oaf's mind.

"I see.. And Loki, is this how you truly feel?" Thor let out a grunt when Loki dipped his head confirming, "Well I guess I will have to let you stay. Mother will be sad but she will visit when she can, I will as well."

He was here to stay.

"Good! Now as much as I love you as a cat can you be yourself and dance with me?"

...

"I thought you'd never ask darling," Loki held out his hand and the two made their way to the makeshift dance floor and moved together in sync to the song ghost. If Stark and Strange took a picture of them and left it later in a frame for them, the two were very grateful ignoring the embarrassment of their terrible dance moves caught on camera.

Happy Halloween.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!!

(I may not but I really want to make a part two in the future just focusing on Jotunn Loki asdfghjkl the idea arose when I added Doctor Dad and it hasn't left me since plus I love the idea of Peter finding out Loki is an actual Prince for Jotunheim and not just Asgard.)

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